

# NATIONAL

SEPTEMBER  
No. 3

# COMICS

10¢

Starring  
**UNCLE SAM**

IN AN ACTION  
ADVENTURE IN THE  
PHILIPPINES

TWO  
THOUSAND  
SAVAGE MOROS  
AGAINST FOUR  
STALWART MEN!  
... UNCLE SAM  
COMES THROUGH  
IN A SMASH  
FINISH!

MERLIN  
THE  
MAGICIAN



WONDER  
BOY



SALLY  
O'NEIL



PEN  
MILLER



and  
many  
others





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.7" wide; black key cards and white letters; rubber cushioned feet.

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The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



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ON THIS BARGAIN  
OFFER.

**THE  
COMBINATION  
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY**

How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



**SEND COUPON NOW!**

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465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

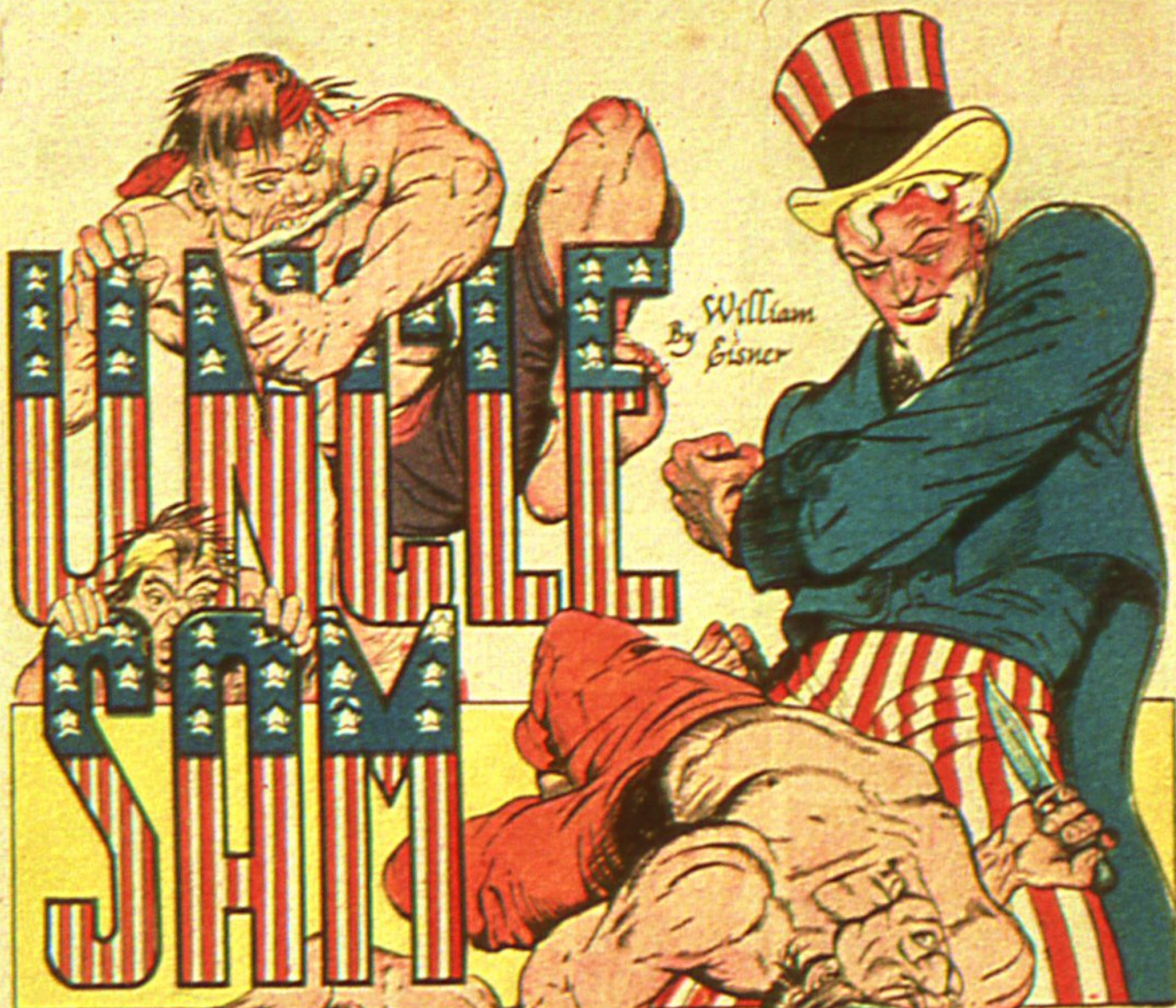
Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

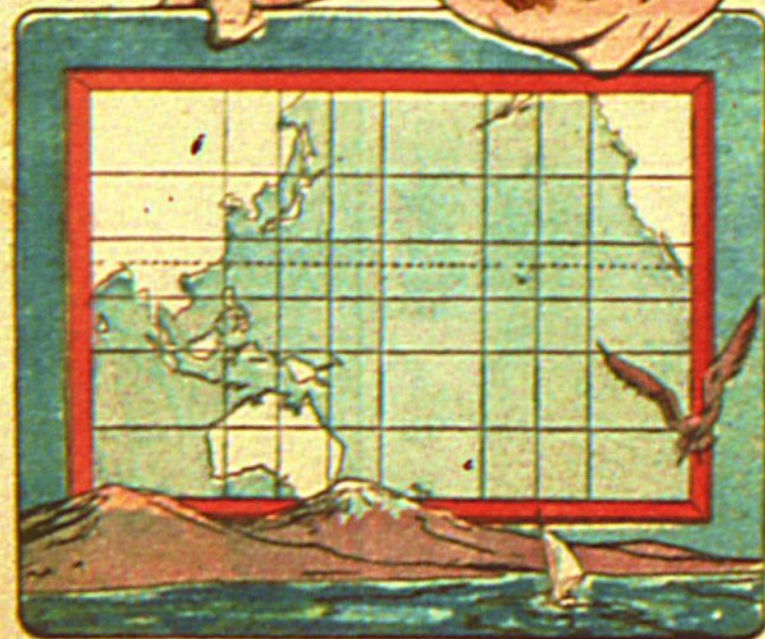
Address.....

City.....State.....





By William  
Gisner



IN A  
SMALL  
ASIATIC  
POWER.

IT IS A  
DAY OF  
HIGH  
FESTIVITY.  
THE CHANCE-  
LOR IS  
ADDRESSING  
HIS  
PEOPLE.



AND MY PEOPLE, OUR  
ARMY AND NAVY HAVE  
NOW REACHED MIGHTY  
PROPORTIONS! WE ARE  
READY... I PROMISE YOU  
THAT OUR WAITING  
LEGIONS SHALL ASTOUND  
THE WORLD WITH  
THEIR PROWESS!





MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN AMERICA, A FAMILIAR FIGURE LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE VOICE ON A SHORT WAVE RADIO.



KNOWING LANGUAGES DOESN'T MAKE A FELLER SMART. IT'S UNDERSTANDING THINGS AND PEOPLE. NOW THIS FELLOW SPEAKING ON THE RADIO... HE'S A CRUEL, AMBITIOUS MAN.



SPENT ALL HIS PEOPLE'S MONEY FOR GUNS AND AMMUNITION. NOW THEY'RE STARVING... HE'S AFRAID THEY'LL REVOLT, SO HE'S GOING OUT TO STEAL SOME LAND. PROBABLY THE PHILIPPINES, NOW THAT THEY'RE INDEPENDENT.

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GETTING PACKED. WHEN YOU TALK LIKE THAT, I KNOW WE'RE HEADED FOR ADVENTURE!



AND BACK IN ASIA.



YIFFENDI, YOU WILL STIR UP TROUBLE. KEEP THE AUTHORITIES BUSY. OUR GUN BOATS WILL BE READY. WE'LL MARCH IN TO "KEEP PEACE" WITH THE PHILIPPINES!



AND WITH THE TERRIBLE SWIFTHNESS OF A WELL-OILED MACHINE, EAGER EYES OF THE AGENTS ARE ON HAND TO WATCH THE AMERICAN GUNBOATS LEAVE THE PHILIPPINES TO THEIR FATE.



BUT THEY DO NOT NOTICE A LITTLE SKIFF SCUD BETWEEN THE SLIM GREYHOUNDS AND ENTER THE HARBOR.



WELL, HERE WE ARE, BUDDY! THE PHILIPPINES. RICH AND FREE A FAT PRIZE FOR A SCHEMING COUNTRY.



AND NOT FAR AWAY ON THAT SAME ISLAND

WELL, HERE WE ARE, THE PHILIPPINES! RICH AND FREE A FAT PRIZE FOR A SMART COUNTRY!

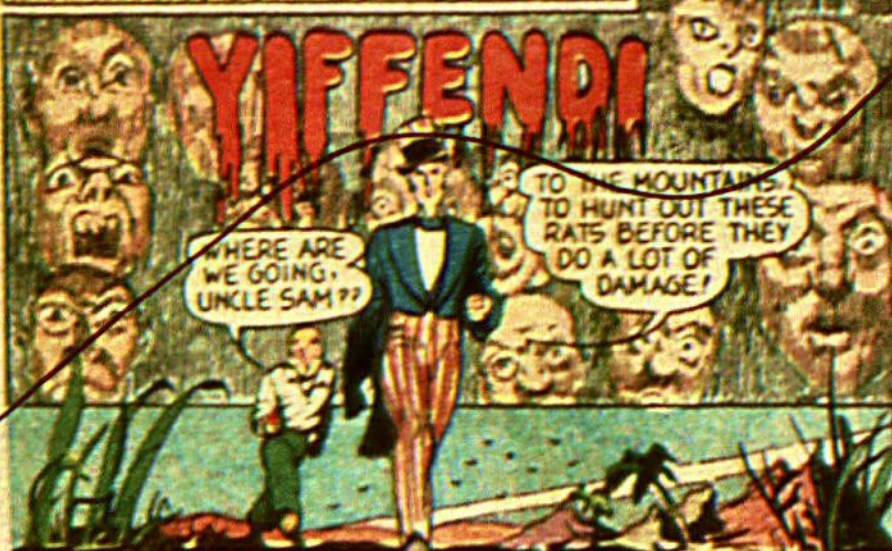




AND SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, A WELL-ARMED BAND SWOOPS OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS, ON A SMALL TOWN



AND ACROSS THE ISLANDS, THE WORD SPELLS TERROR. FOR THE FILIPINOS KNOW THAT A FOREIGN INVADER HAS STRUCK.



ACROSS THE ROUGH TERRAIN, UP TERRIFIC MOUNTAINS, THEY FOLLOW THE BLOODY TRAIL.



THE NEXT MORNING, A LITTLE ARMY OF FOUR SET OUT TO STOP TWO THOUSAND TRIBESMEN.







AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...









YIFFENDI  
AND  
HIS  
MEN  
ARRIVE  
AT  
THE  
CANYON.

GONE!  
NO ONE  
HERE!

MEAN-  
WHILE  
AT THE  
FORT.

ONLY  
TEN  
MEN  
LEFT IN  
IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER FOUR  
SHOUTING FIGURES DROP ON  
THE SURPRISED MEN.

RIDE 'EM,  
COWBOY!

AND PUTTING HIS MIGHTY  
STRENGTH AGAINST THE  
OAKEN DOOR, UNCLE SAM  
BARRICADES THE FORT.

FROM HERE WE CAN HOLD THIS  
FORT AGAINST YIFFENDI... BUT  
WHAT OF THE BATTLESHIPS?  
THEY'LL LAND  
TROOPS!

I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
THAT!

LOOK, YIFFENDI HAS  
RETURNED... THE BOYS  
ARE HOLDING  
THE FORT!

BRAVE  
LADS!  
C'MON,  
BUDDY

IN A FEW  
MINUTES  
THEY  
ARRIVE  
AT THE  
SHORE...

BUDDY, YOU STAY  
ASHORE... KEEP  
HIDDEN. I'LL PICK  
YOU UP LATER...  
DON'T LOSE MY  
CLOTHES.

THEY'RE  
LANDING  
MEN IN A  
MOTOR  
BOAT!

WITH A FEW POWERFUL STROKES,  
UNCLE SAM OVERTAKES THEM.

THERE THEY  
GO... AND HERE  
I GO!







THE TWO HEAD OUT TOWARD THE BATTLESHIP LYING IN THE HARBOR.



THE MOTORBOAT PULLS ALONG - SIDE THE DESTROYER.



HA HA! THAT LITTLE BOAT SINK US! ALL THEY HAVE ON IT IS A TORPEDO, A MINE AND A COUPLE OF RAPID-FIRE ANTI AIRCRAFT!

AND THAT'S PLENTY! NUMBER FOUR FIRE!



WITH ANNOYING SPEED, THE MOTORBOAT CIRCLES THE DESTROYER, DODGING A HAIL OF SHELLS.



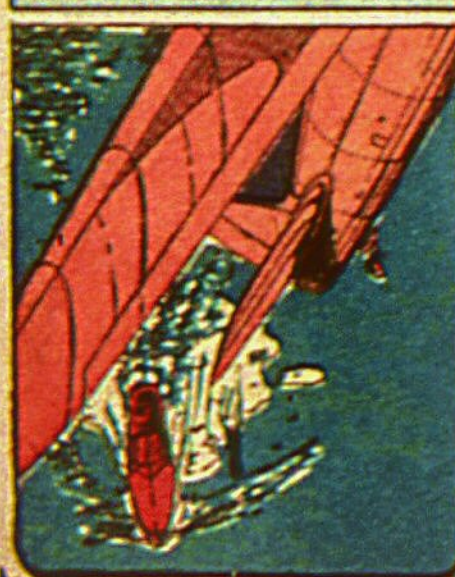
THE SHIP HOISTS ANCHOR AS A PLANE SWOOPS FROM HER DECK.



KEEP ZIGZAGGING, BUDDY. THEY'RE GOING TO DROP A BOMB!



AND EVEN AS THE BOMB DROPS, UNCLE SAM'S DEADLY FIRE RAKES THE PLANE.



IT SCREAMS EARTH-WARD.



THE BOMB NARROWLY MISSES...



NOW TO SINK THAT DESTROYER, BEFORE THEY GET US!





MEANWHILE AT THE FORT, THE TWO SOLDIERS HOLD GRIMLY ON.



WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION. IN A FEW MINUTES... I'LL HOLD ON ALONE... NO NEED FOR BOTH OF US TO...



NO... I'M STAYING WITH YOU. I'VE A RIGHT TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY TOO!

YOU FORGET, I AM YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER! GO!



I REFUSE!

MUTINY, EH? (GULP) OH, VERY WELL. HELP ME PILE UP THIS DYNAMITE... THAT GATE WON'T HOLD MUCH LONGER!



WE'LL GIVE THEM A HOT RECEPTION!

UNCLE SAM STILL CIRCLES THE DESTROYER LIKE A MAD HORNET.



ON THE DECK, UNCLE SAM RISES TO HIS FEET HOLDING A MINE.



GOIN' TO BE MY OWN MINE LAYER!



HE'S THROWIN' A MINE AT US! JUMP!



BOOM!

AND BATHED IN THE BLOOD-RED RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN, THE SHIP SETTLES RAPIDLY INTO THE SEA.



C'MON, BUDDY, WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE FORT!

THE GATE OF THE FORT SPLINTERS, AND WITH A CRY OF VICTORY, YIFFENDI'S MEN SWARM IN.



BLEW THEMSELVES UP WITH THE FORT AND YIFFENDI'S MEN! BRAVE LADS!!

GOSH!

THE INVADER WILL NOT DARE TO LET THE WORLD KNOW WHY IT HAD A BATTLESHIP IN THE HARBOR... AND WITH THE REVOLT CRUSHED, I RECKON THE PHILIPPINES WILL BE SAFE FOR AWHILE!



ANOTHER UNCLE SAM ADVENTURE

MARK DEON'S



# PROP POWERS

BAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF A WAR BETWEEN RIVAL AIR TRANSPORT COMPANIES, "PROP" POWERS FINDS HIMSELF AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN THE STRUGGLE.

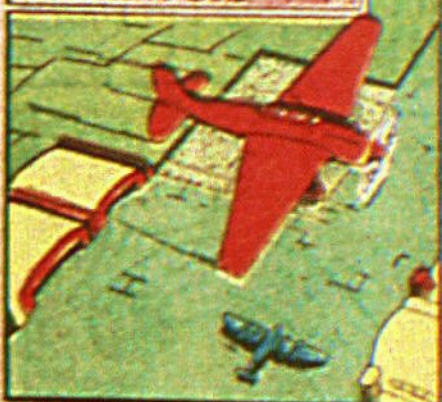
BY  
Lynn Byrd



ON A LATE AFTERNOON, A SLEEK PLANE DROVES TOWARD OML'S-HEAD AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON.



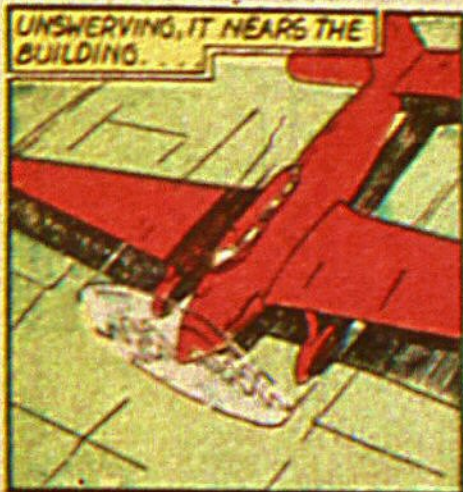
CIRCLING OVER THE FIELD, IT PREPARES TO LAND.



ONCE ON THE RUNWAY, THE PILOT GIVES 'ER THE GUN, AND ROLLS AT ROCKET SPEED FOR THE AIRPORT CONTROL BUILDING.



UNSWERVING, IT HEARS THE BUILDING.



AND CRASHES HEADLONG INTO THE WALL, SCATTERING BRICKS, GLASS AND WRECKAGE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



IN THE MIDST OF THIS TURMOIL, THE PILOT CRAWLS OUT OF THE BLAZING FRAMEWORK.



AND DASHES TO A WAITING CAR, BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP HIM.



SECONDS LATER, THE CAR HURTLES DOWN THE ROAD.



WHILE SPECTATORS GAPE IN ASTONISHMENT.





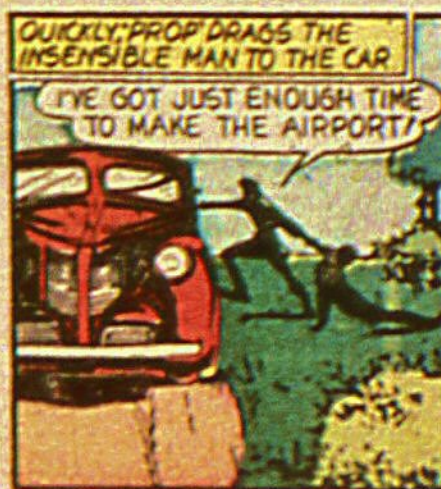
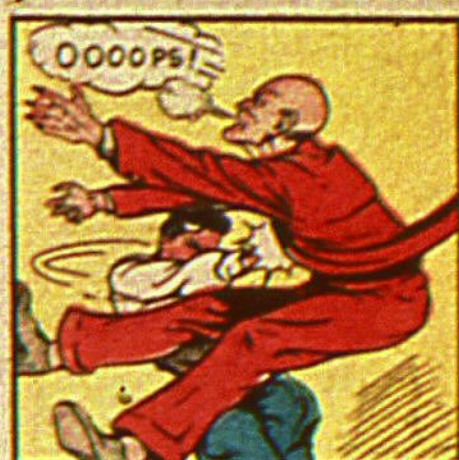
AFTER AN HOUR'S DRIVE, THE CAR PULLS UP BEFORE A RAMSHACKLE OLD COTTAGE



IN A BACK ROOM, PROP POWERS IS A PRISONER. HE HEARS THE MEN ENTER

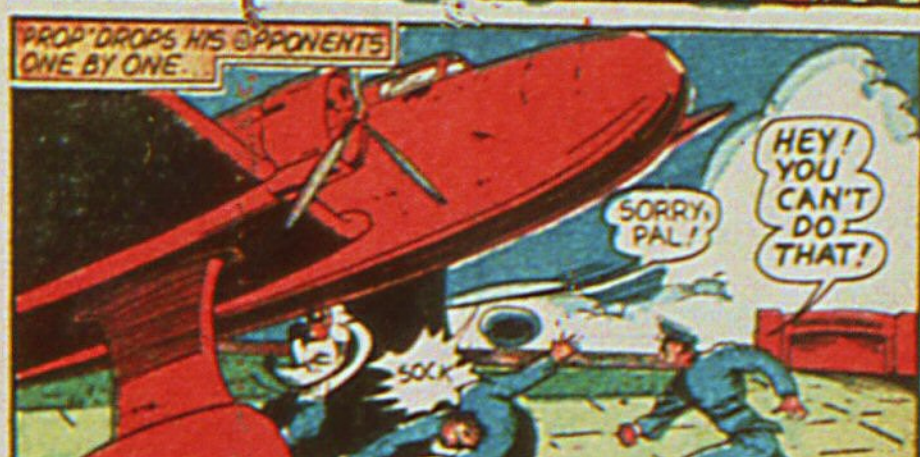


WORKING HIS WAY TO THE DOOR, PROP LISTENS





THE GAS PEDAL HITS THE FLOORBOARD IN PROP'S EFFORT TO GET MAXIMUM SPEED.



THE NEXT ONE SUFFERS THE SAME FATE.



PROP LEAPS INTO THE COCKPIT.



AND WITH THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE PLANE SOARS INTO THE SKY.

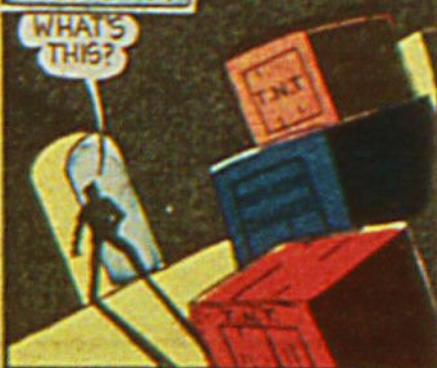




MEANWHILE, PRESIDENT WALLACE FLIES HIGH ABOVE THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...



IN THE PLANE'S FREIGHT ROOM, HE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...



SO... THIS IS HOW THE AIRPORT BUILDING BLEW UP! THEY CRASHED DELIBERATELY, AND LET THE FREIGHT DO THE REST.



THE PILOT GLARES AT WALLACE.



IF ONLY I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING TO DO!



SUDDENLY, THE PILOT PERCEIVES "PROP" TRAILING HIM...



"PROP'S" PLANE ROARS OVER THE SMALLER SHIP...



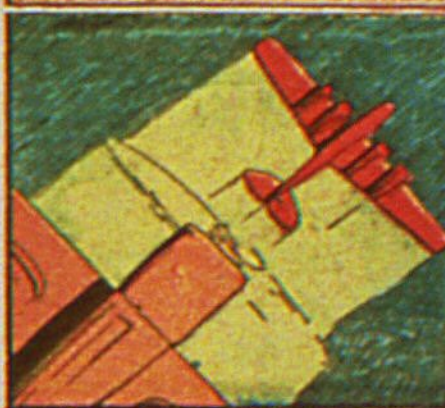
AND HE THINKS ALOUD...



BUT THEN, WALLACE IS ON THAT SHIP. I'VE GOT TO PREVENT IT FROM LANDING!



BY THIS TIME, "PROP" IS A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE AHEAD OF THEM.



AND SOON ARRIVES AT A NEW YORK AIRPORT.



WHERE HE SHUTTLES BACK AND FORTH OVER THE FIELD...





THE FIELD COMMANDER SEES HIM.



PROP RECEIVES THE MESSAGE.



IN A FEW MINUTES, PAL. IN A FEW MINUTES!



IN A HALF HOUR, THE FIELD IS CLUTTERED WITH PLANES IN AN EVER INCREASING NUMBER, WAITING TO LAND, WAITING TO LEAVE.



TO ADD TO THE COMMOTION, THE PRESIDENT'S PLANE COMES IN.



THE PRESIDENT'S PILOT RECEIVES THE NEWS.



THEN, WHEN THE FIELD IS IN A COMPLETE UPROAR, PROP DARTS TO A NEARBY LANDING.



BREATHLESS, HE BURSTS INTO THE CONTROL BUILDING.



THE SITUATION IS EXPLAINED. PROP TAKES OFF WITH ANOTHER PILOT.



AS THEY FLY ABOVE WALLACE'S PLANE, PROP LOWERS HIMSELF WITH A ROPE.



AND IN MIDAIR, MAKES CONTACT WITH THE OTHER PLANE.





CLINGING TO THE SPEEDING PLANE, PROP MANAGES TO ENTER IT.



GRABBING HIS GUN, THE PILOT JUMPS TO HIS FEET.



BEFORE HE CAN AIM, PROP LETS LOOSE A SMASHING BLOW.



AGAIN THE ENRAGED MAN CHARGES. THIS TIME, HE WIELDS A HEAVY LEAD PIPE.



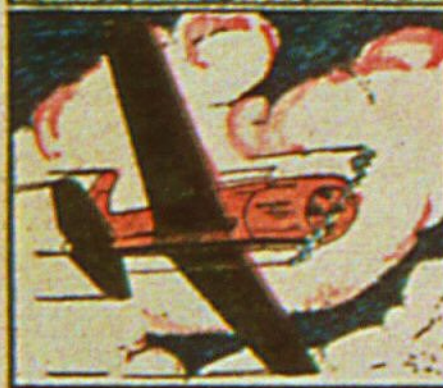
A QUICK SIDESTEP ENABLES PROP TO GRAB HIM BY THE NECK.



AND THROWS HIM HEAD OVER HEELS AGAINST THE WALL.



PROP THEN TAKES OVER THE CONTROLS AND HEADS FOR THE SEA.



MISTER WALLACE, WILL YOU TAKE THE STICK? I'M GOING TO DUMP THE EXPLOSIVES OVER-BOARD!



WITH A GREAT SPLASH, THE PLANE'S CARGO HITS THE SEA.



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THEY REACH THE AIRPORT.



BACK IN ENGLAND, THE POLICE ROUND UP THE CRIMINALS OF THE RIVAL COMPANY.



AT OWL'S-HEAD.



PROP POWERS FLIES THROUGH MORE EXCITING EXPERIENCES NEXT MONTH.






# SALLY O'NEIL

*Policewoman*

By FRANK KEARN

THE WEALTHY MRS. BIGSTONE, RETURNING FROM THE PACIFIC COAST, WIRES AHEAD TO THE NEW YORK POLICE. SHE BRINGS A PRICELESS GEM WITH HER, AND SHE DESIRES PROTECTION.



SALLY O'NEIL, FEMININE PRIDE OF THE FORCE IS AT THE STATION TO GREET HER. . .

THERE SHE IS! SHE FITS THE DESCRIPTION EXACTLY.



SALLY O'NEIL, POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MRS. BIGSTONE.

POLICE? OH, OH YES, OF COURSE! COME ALONG, MY DEAR.



JUST AS THEY ENTER A CAB, A BREATHLESS YOUNG MAN DASHES UP. . .



DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I'M JACK. JACK SMITH, YOUR NEPHEW.

JACK? I-IT'S BEEN SO LONG.



AFTER GENERAL INTRODUCTIONS, MRS. BIGSTONE, SALLY, AND JACK REACH THE HOTEL.

JUST MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

THAT NEPHEW SOUNDS PHONEY.

WONDER WHO THE GAL IS!



MRS. BIGSTONE HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE SAFE. SHE DEPOSITS A VELVET COVERED JEWEL CASE.



THEN SHE GOES TO THE TELEPHONE IN ANOTHER ROOM.



SALLY NOTICES JACK ENTER THE SAFE ROOM.



NOT A VERY CAUTIOUS LAD, THIS 'NEPHEW'.



YEP, HE'S OPENING THE SAFE!



PUT THAT JEWEL BACK IN THE SAFE, MR. SMITH!



I WOULD, IF YOU HADN'T STOLEN IT! YOU'RE THE ONLY OTHER PERSON HERE... IT'S GONE. YOU'D BETTER RETURN IT NOW!



BUT...

POLICE. GIL MOORE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, SPEAKING. I'VE GOT A JEWEL THIEF HERE!



I WAS HIRED BY MRS. BIGSTONE TO PROTECT HER AND SHE NEEDED IT!

YOU WERE HIRED? OH, HA! HA! HA! THIS IS GOOD! GIVE ME THAT PHONE!



HELLO, SARGE... SALLY O'NEIL... I'M THE THIEF THIS PRIVATE DICK IS TALKING ABOUT, BUT...



JUST THEN...

PUT DOWN THAT PHONE, AND DROP THAT GUN! REACH!













SALLY AND GIL FOLLOW ANOTHER MAN INTO THE HOUSE.



SUDDENLY THE GUNMAN WHIRLS, BUT SALLY IS ON HER GUARD.



THEY RUSH INTO THE HALL AND OPEN FIRE.



BUT PRIVATE DETECTIVE GIL PROVES THAT HIS FISTS ARE USEFUL FOR OTHER PURPOSES THAN MERELY WEARING GLOVES.



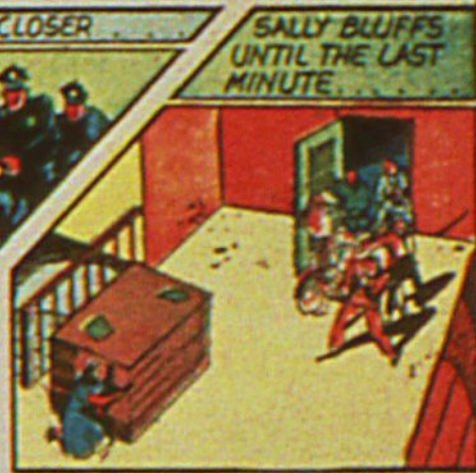
BUT FOUL FIGHTING IS TOO MUCH FOR GIL.



AND SALLY IS LEFT TO SHOOT IT OUT ALONE.









# Kid DIXON

By Bob Reynolds

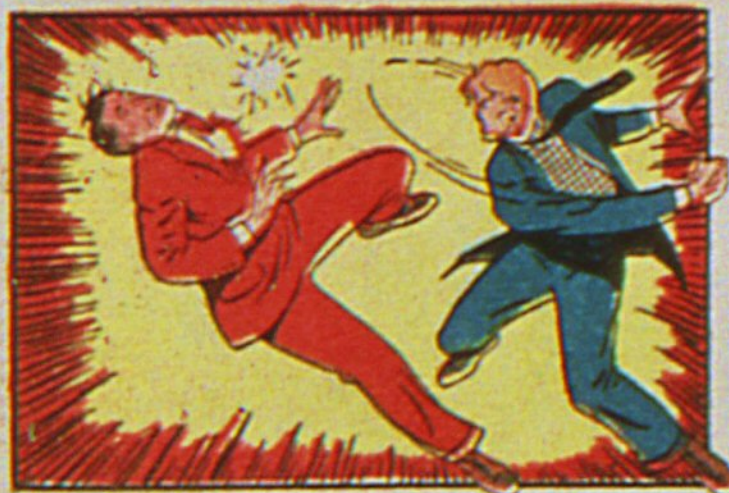
A HICK FROM HICKVILLE LANDS IN NEW YORK, AND FINDS THAT THE BIG CITY HAS A SMALL TOWN HEART.









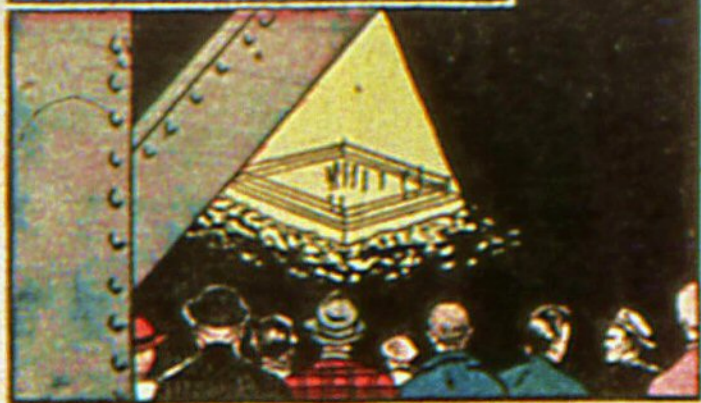




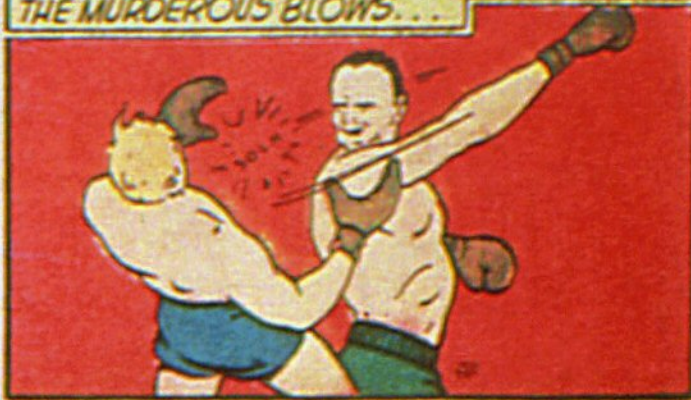




MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS FILLED TO THE ROOF WITH AN EAGER, NOISY AUDIENCE.



SURPRISED AT THE SHREWD METHODOICAL TECHNIQUE OF THE CHAMP, DAN CANNOT RESIST THE MURDEROUS BLOWS...



UNABLE TO THINK BETWEEN THE HEAVY BLOWS, DAN TAKES A SEVERE BEATING!



SAY, LISTEN TOPPS, GO WAY BACK IN THE CROWD AND...Z-Z-Z-B-Z-Z!

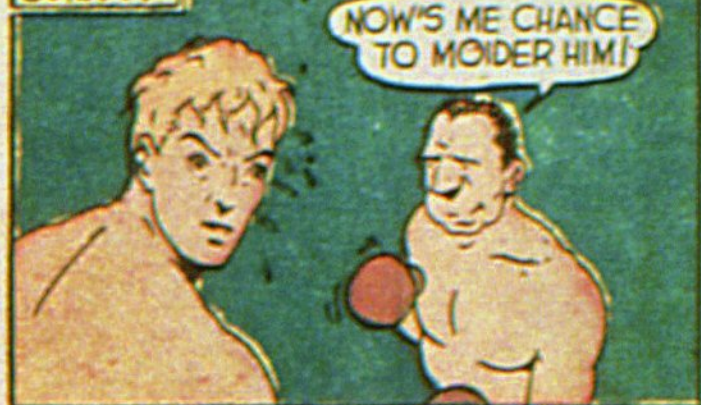


O.K.!

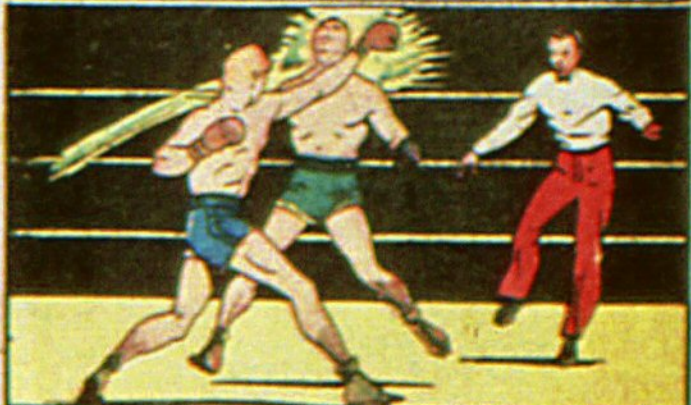
HEY! WAT'S DIS? A WALTZ? GINO COULD DO BETTER THAN THAT IN THE RING!



HEARING THIS, DANNY'S BLOOD BEGINS TO BOIL...



SURPRISING EVERYONE WITH HIS TURN-ABOUT TACTICS, DAN LASHES INTO THE CHAMP...



DAN IS THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.



KID DIXON BATTLES FOR FAME AND FORTUNE AGAIN... IN THE NEXT ISSUE.





MERLIN, THE GREATEST MAGICIAN ON EARTH, STROLLS ONE NIGHT DOWN A DARK STREET. . . . . SUDDENLY.



OOF! HOLD ON, OLD MAN!

OH! LET ME BY!



LET ME GO!.. THEY'LL CATCH ME!

WHO? WHAT'S THE MATTER?



THEY'LL BEAT ME! THE GUARDS FROM THE ORPHANAGE!

OH, I SEE!



QUICKLY WRAPPING THE LAD IN HIS CLOAK



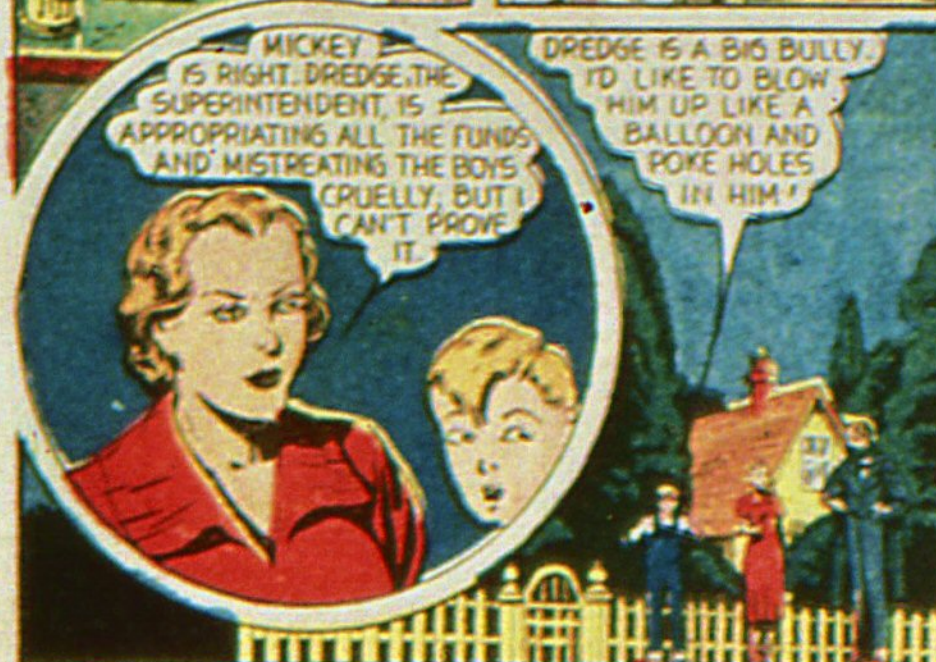
MERLIN BECOMES INVISIBLE. . . . .



OOH!













BUT AS ONE BOY PASSES MERLIN, HIS PLATE BECOMES HEAPED WITH STEAMING, DELICIOUS FOOD.



HOW GENEROUS YOU ARE, MR DREDGE MUCH TOO GENEROUS!



OH! ER THANK YOU.

THAT NIGHT, RICKET RETIRES TO THE DRAB DORMITORY WITH HIS FELLOWS



WHILE...

WE'LL FIND OUT THINGS THIS WAY!



HOW WONDERFUL!

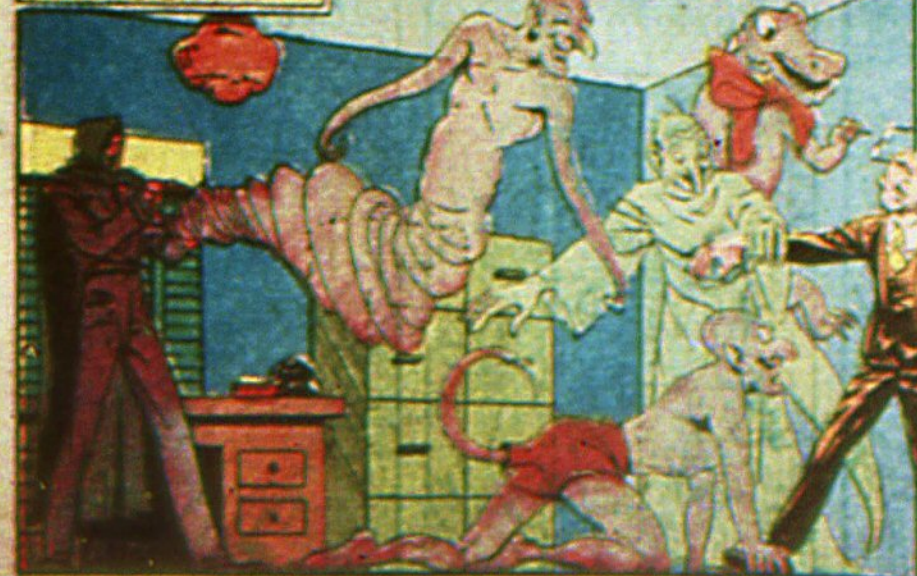
YES, HERE ARE PAPERS THAT WILL SEND DREDGE TO JAIL



MISS LOVEWELL GET AWAY FROM THAT SAFE!



BUT FROM MERLIN'S MAGIC FINGERTIPS, A HOST OF TITTLING DEMONS SPRINGS





THEY SWEEP THE TERRIFIED  
MAN UP THE STAIRS



AND TOSSING HIM INTO BED,  
CONTINUE TO TORMENT HIM



MERLIN ENTERS...



BUT SUDDENLY







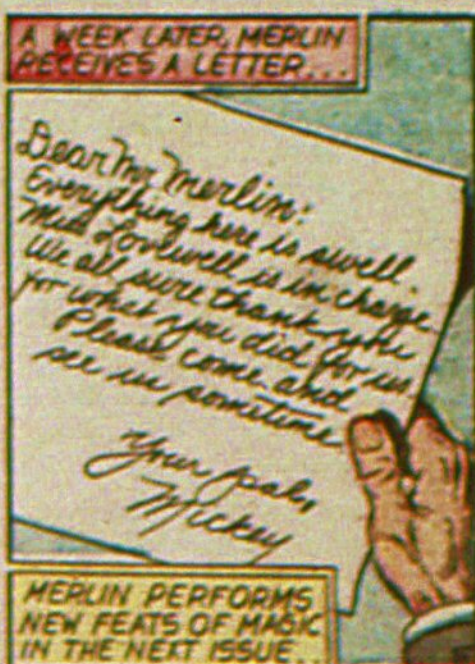




THE CHILDREN ARE HYSTERICAL  
WITH LAUGHTER...



AS PREARRANGED BY MERLIN,  
THE POLICE ARRIVE...



MERLIN PERFORMS  
NEW FEATS OF MAGIC  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE...



# THE HUMAN GUINEA PIG

The Yankee Doodle Boy Ails Mankind

By ANTHONY LAMB

"LEAPIN' lobbyists! Aren't you scared, Jimmy?"

The Yankee Doodle Boy had inherited a tradition of honesty from the founders of his country. He glanced sheepishly around at the group of Senate page boys gathered about him.

"Yup—I gotta admit I've got sort of pins and needles in my stomach—but I have to go through with it. I know that."

Jimmy's determination to offer himself as a human guinea pig for the famous Dr. Richter's experiment had sprung from a visit he had made to the Lincoln Memorial. He had heard Senator Norris speak on the doctor's need for a healthy youngster to inject with a deadly germ that was causing so much misery and death among the children of America, and for which no cure had yet been found. Dr. Richter had perfected an anti-toxin—but he needed a healthy specimen to perform his experiment upon. Jimmy hadn't said anything then, but the idea bothered him for days and at last he decided to go up and "talk to Mr. Lincoln."

Everything that happened there that night was as real to Jimmy as the Capitol dome, even though the guard *did* have to wake him up at twelve o'clock and send him home.

Lincoln's deep brows threw dark shadows on his fine, high cheeks and the heavy lines that sorrow had drawn on his face framed the great kindness of his mouth. The Yankee Doodle Boy stood before the statue and asked his question.

"Mr. Lincoln, if I let them experiment on me, I may die. But somebody has to do it; should I, Mr. Lincoln? Should I go and see Dr. Richter to-morrow?"

Mr. Lincoln took awhile to think it over. Then his answer came. Out of the past, the rich, human voice of the great liberator answered the Yankee Doodle page boy.

"Son, the words of the good book were once quoted to me by a woman in the wilderness—a woman whose wisdom and kindness and who loved me as her own son—my step-mother. These words guided me through my life and if you're woven of the



right stuff, you'll heed them. She said, 'He, who does the Lord's work, abideth forever.' If you think there is work to be done, Jimmy, lives to be saved, a sacrifice to make, then remember those words and you will not go wrong."

"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. Now I know what to do."

Several days later, Jimmy lay on his back on a hospital bed. Dr. Richter and a freshly starched nurse stood by his side.

"The letter of consent has just come from your parents, Jimmy. They must be very brave and fine people, and I am proud that they have such confidence in me. So—now we shall proceed."

A hypodermic needle was poised above the boy's firm

tanned arm. A clear liquid glistened in the glass tube.

"So that's the stuff that's been killing so many kids, doc? It doesn't look so vicious to me," laughed Jimmy, and then he winced as the sharp point jabbed into his flesh.

"Hmmm, but that innocent looking serum is as deadly as a .45 shot. But don't let me alarm you," the doctor chuckled as Jimmy's eyes grew wide. "Nurse Deering has this bottle of my anti-toxin to administer as soon as the fever strikes. It will be locked securely in this wall cabinet—because it is very precious stuff. Only I know the formula."

Jimmy was left alone to contract his fever, but he heard a bit of the nurse's conversation as they walked into the hall.

"Oh, Doctor, I forgot to tell you, Dr. Finch was here this afternoon, but he didn't seem to want to see you—I asked him."

"Finch, eh?" Dr. Richter's voice was low and angry. "What does he want to do to me now? If he dares to interfere with this experiment—"

Jimmy didn't hear the rest. The serum took quick effect. He had fallen asleep.

When Jimmy woke there were two figures hovering above him, but they were not those of Nurse Deering and Dr. Richter. Two strange men were bending over him and speaking in hushed, secretive voices that made the Yankee Doodle Boy keep his eyes shut tight and listen.

The flush of fever had already crept across his face and the voices he heard seemed to come down to him from the end of a long speaking tube.

"The fever's working now, all right, Dr. Finch."



"Yes. You say the anti-toxin is locked in that cabinet—open it!"

"That's what I heard Richter tell the kid when I was hiding in the closet."

Jimmy heard the scraping of metal as the lock of the wall cabinet was slowly forced open.

Through half open lids, he watched the dim outline of Dr. Finch's taut face. A small pencil searchlight threw long, eerie shadows across his head and shoulders.

"Richter, the Brilliant, is merely a tool in my hands. I have let him slave for years to perfect his formula. Now that his hour of triumph is at hand—he shall fail. The boy will die. He will be ostracised from medical circles, and I, Finch, will come forth with the real cure!" He turned triumphantly to the other man. "Hurry! Have you substituted my useless liquid for the anti-toxin?"

"Yes, it's all done. Let's get out of here."

"Right!"

When the door closed behind them, Jimmy sat bolt upright, but the fever sent him down again with the force of a giant hand—flat against the pillow. He waited while the world spun around and the lights went on and off.

"I've got to get them. I've got to."

Over and over he repeated the words and strength seemed to ebb slowly into his muscles and bones. Slowly, he rose and staggered to his feet. Groping blindly through the blackness he reached the door and stared dizzily into the light of the hall.

"I've got to make it. I've got to make it!"

Like a drunken sailor, the Yankee Doodle Boy lurched down the long hall. Very dimly, in the distance, he perceived two shadowy figures that seemed to change in size and shape, spreading and contracting in all directions at once. Beads of perspiration rolled down Jimmy's scarlet face.

Suddenly a figure in white loomed up before him. He heard a sharp cry and felt a pressure of firm hands on his shoulders pushing him back.

"No—no, let me go!" he gasped weakly. "I've got to get them!"

With a supreme effort, Jimmy freed himself of the nurse's grasp and continued what seemed like an endless journey down the hall. The figures were fast disappearing—soon they would descend the stairs. Jimmy knew he couldn't make those.

"Faster, faster, legs! They won't move—they're going backward—faster, faster—" he commanded. His legs were molded of granite.

But actually he was running, the nurse frantically chasing after him. With a shock, he realized that he was upon his quarry. He reached out and grabbed the sleeve of Dr. Finch, dragging the man to the floor with him as he fell.

Now the voices came from many miles away, but they were clear as bells.

The nurse spoke. "The child is delicious. I'll call Nurse Deering and put him back in bed."

Finch's tone was concerned. "Terrible thing—I hope it doesn't effect Richter's experiment." He tried to rise, but Jimmy's hand was clutched obstinately around

his wrist. By now several internes and Nurse Deering had gathered around.

They tried to free his grasp and lift him up, but before they succeeded, Jimmy mustered all his strength and whispered hoarsely, "F—Finch—stole the anti-toxin!"

And after that everything was mercifully black. The Yankee Doodle Boy slipped peacefully into unconsciousness.

Hours ticked by and the days dragged endlessly. A tense quiet fell over the Senate as the members and the little page boys exchanged questioning, worried glances.

"Still no news?"

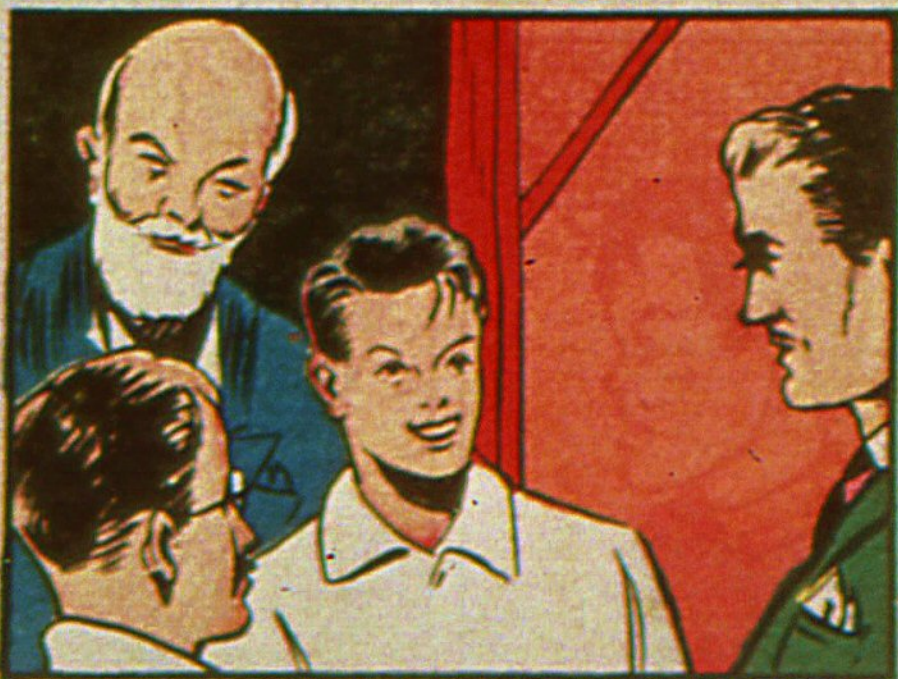
"Not out of the coma yet?"

"Have you talked to Dr. Richter?"

One day, during a heated debate on farm appropriations, page boy Corny Dobbs rushed into the chamber and interrupted a dignified Senator with a wild whoop.

"He's better! The crisis is passed! He's going to get well—boy, oh boy, he's a national hero! Three cheers for Jimmy Jones, the Yankee Doodle Boy."

And the voices of boys and men alike rose to the roof and echoed through the country and the name of the Yankee Doodle Boy went home to the hearts of the people.





# WONDER BOY

BY JERRY MAXWELL



AS WONDER BOY SAUNTERS UP A STREET, HE SEES A NEWSBOY CRYING AS IF HIS HEART WOULD BREAK.



ER-EXCUSE ME, FELLER, WHY ARE YOU CRYING? CAN I HELP YOU?

MY FATHER WAS OUT OF WORK FOR A YEAR, BUT LAST WEEK HE GOT A JOB. HE LEFT WITH AN EXPEDITION FOR SOUTH AMERICA!



YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY THAT YOUR FATHER IS WORKING!

MY MOTHER AND I WERE HAPPY UNTIL TODAY WHEN WE HEARD THE EXPEDITION PARTY WAS LOST!



DON'T WORRY! I LEARNED THAT A BOAT IS LEAVING TODAY TO SEARCH FOR THE LOST MEN. I'LL FIND YOUR FATHER!



YOU'LL FIND MY FATHER? HOW CAN YOU? YOU'RE ONLY A BOY LIKE ME!

WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO HAVE FAITH IN ME, MY FRIEND.



SAY, YOU'RE NOT WONDER BOY, ARE YOU?

I MUST HURRY, OR I'LL MISS MY BOAT! GOODBYE!









BUT FAIR WEATHER VANISHES THAT NIGHT, AND A VIOLENT GALE ROCKS THE SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN.



SUMMON ALL HANDS TO MY CABIN AT ONCE!



MEN, I'VE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW OF THE DANGERS WE MUST FACE TOGETHER!



UNTIL OUR ENGINES ARE REPAIRED, WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA!



WAIT! LET ME HELP!

SCRAM, KID! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!

GET ME A HEAVY CHAIN AND I'LL PULL THE BOAT TO PORT!



LISTEN, BOY, GET TO YOUR QUARTERS! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

CAPTAIN, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME DO IT! OUR LIVES ARE...



VERY WELL, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU!

WITH THE CHAIN WRAPPED SECURELY ABOUT HIM, WONDER BOY DIVES OVERBOARD INTO ANGRY WATERS.



WITH AMAZING POWER, HE TUGS THE SHIP THROUGH THE STORM-TOSSED SEA.



THE CREW GAZES IN AWE AT WONDER BOY'S GREAT FEAT!



HE WILL!



THE SHIP PUSHES STEADILY ONWARD AS WONDER BOY FLOWS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES...



DAWN FINDS THE STORM ABATED...



WONDER BOY PULLS THE SHIP STRAIGHT TO A QUIET HARBOR, WHERE HE SHEDS HIS CLAINS...



EATING A HEARTY MEAL, WONDER BOY DISCUSSES PLANS WITH THE CAPTAIN...



AND SO, A SETTING SUN FINDS THE GROUP PUSHING FORWARD THROUGH DENSE TROPICAL FORESTS...



I THINK WE OUGHT TO MAKE CAMP, CAPTAIN! THE MEN LOOK TIRED!



AS CAMP IS BEING SET UP A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES FROM BEHIND A GIANT BOULDER...



THAT NIGHT, WONDER BOY DOES GUARD DUTY... ALL IS WELL, UNTIL...



FIERCE NATIVES SPRING FROM THE BUSHES TO ATTACK...





WONDER BOY GRABS A WIFE AND SWINGS INTO THE MIDST OF THE FRAY. . . .



WREAKING HAVOC AMONG THE SURPRISED MEN, WONDER BOY SOON PROVES HIMSELF MASTER OVER THEM.



THEY TURN AND FLEE IN TERROR AND AMAZEMENT. . . .



LEADING FROM TREE TO TREE, WONDER BOY FOLLOWS. . . .



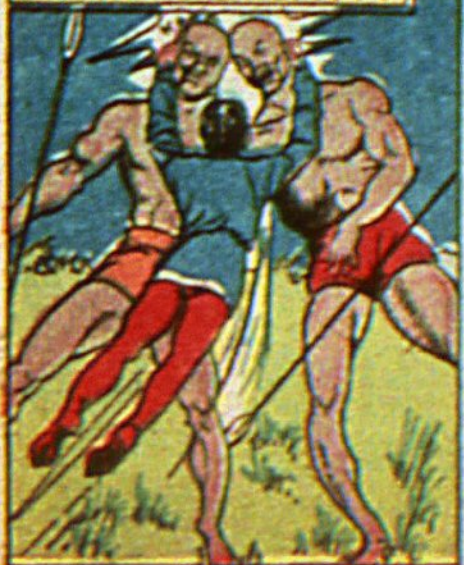
SUDDENLY HE STOPS AS HE WATCHES THE NATIVES POUR INTO A CAVE AT THE FOOT OF A MOUNTAIN. . .



THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED BY SWARTHY GUARDS.



WONDER BOY HAS HIS OWN METHOD FOR DEALING WITH THIS INTERFERENCE. . . .



UGH! HUMAN SACRIFICE! / SAY, THAT'S THE LOST EXPEDITION THEY'RE HOLDING!





THE HIGHLY SUPERSTITIOUS CREATURES SCATTER IN WILD CONFUSION AS THE HUGE ROCK FALLS....



SEEING WONDER BOY, HOWEVER, THE NATIVES STOP...THEIR MURDEROUS INTENTIONS FOCUS ON HIM.



THINKING FAST, WONDER BOY RIPS A CEMENT PILLAR FROM ITS BASE.



CLUBS THE NATIVES' INSSENSIBILITY...

COME AND GET IT, YOU BLOODTHIRSTY HEATHENS!



ONE BY ONE, THEY YIELD TO WONDER BOY'S POWER...



THE WITCH DOCTOR-CHIEF IS TOO SLOW, BEFORE HE CAN USE HIS SPEAR, WONDER BOY BEIZES IT...



THE EXPEDITION JOYFUL AT ITS RELEASE, SAILS EAGERLY FOR HOME...



AT THE DIER, WONDER BOY FEELS HAPPY OVER THE RESULTS OF HIS EFFORTS...



INDEED YOU ARE A "WONDER BOY."





# CYCLONE

THESE NEW SKY SKIS  
WILL TAKE US ANY-  
WHERE ON LAND OR  
IN THE AIR.

"CYCLONE" HAS CLAIMED A NEW  
PLANET "X" FOR EARTH. PIONEERS  
FROM THE OLD WORLD AND  
OTHER PLANETS HAVE SETTLED  
ON "X" WHICH IS NOW FLOURISH-  
ING. WITH MARY AND HIS AID,  
CORPORAL MAC MURPHY,  
CYCLONE STARTS TO EXPLORE  
THE PLANET.

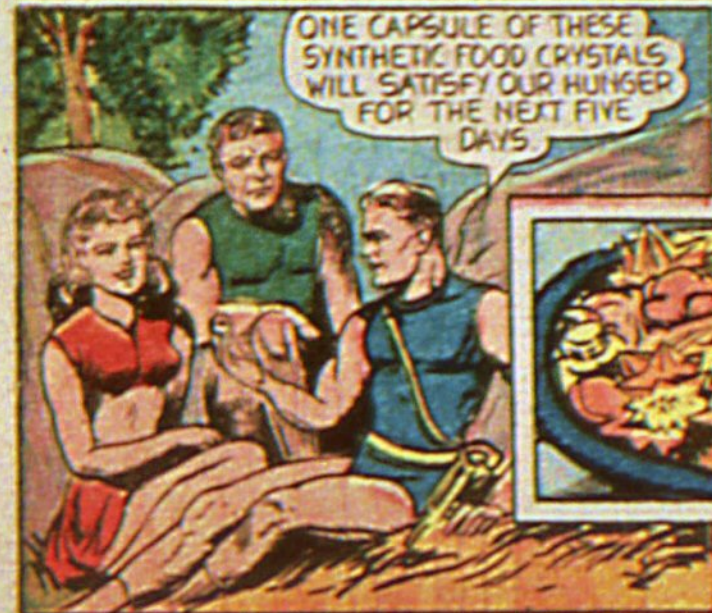
By  
Tony Rawlins



THE EXPLORERS PAUSE FOR FOOD AND REST

CYCLONE AND MARY LEAD THE WAY INTO A DARK  
AND FORBIDDING MARSHLAND

ONE CAPSULE OF THESE  
SYNTHETIC FOOD CRYSTALS  
WILL SATISFY OUR HUNGER  
FOR THE NEXT FIVE  
DAYS





CYCLONE  
LOOK AT  
THAT  
ORCHID!

AS MARY GRASPS THE ORCHID, THE ROCK ON  
WHICH SHE STANDS BEGINS TO SINK.

CAREFUL MARY,  
THIS PLACE IS  
DANGEROUS!

STAND STILL!  
DON'T  
STRUGGLE!

MURPHY,  
GET BACK TO  
TOWN AND  
BRING  
HELP! WE'RE  
SINKING!

LOOK, WE'RE IN A  
SUBTERRANEAN  
PALACE!



THE PALACE IS FULL OF RELICS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION.



I WONDER WHAT'S  
INSIDE THIS  
CHEST?



WHY, IT'S A  
MUMMY!



LOOK OUT,  
CYCLONE!  
IT'S  
ALIVE!



FEAR NOT. FOR MANY CENTURIES, I  
HAVE AWAITED THIS MOMENT WHEN  
THE SECRETS OF THIS ANCIENT PLANET  
WOULD BE UNCOVERED. I KNEW THAT  
SOME DAY, A NEW CIVILIZATION  
WOULD COME TO "X".  
FOLLOW  
ME..

I AM AMNOZO,  
LAST OF MY RACE.



9000 YEARS  
AGO, I BUILT  
THAT VERY  
QUICKSAND MIRE  
THAT BROUGHT YOU  
TO THIS  
PALACE.

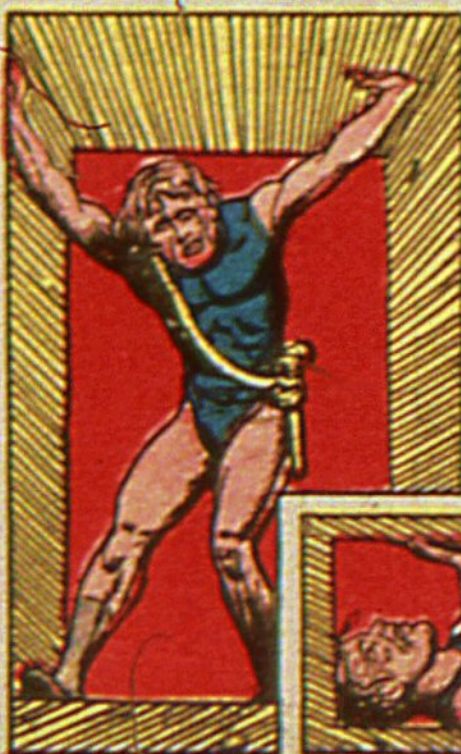


ENTER, MY FRIEND.  
IN THERE YOU WILL  
FIND THE SCIENTIFIC  
SECRETS OF ALL  
TIME.



BUT YOU  
STAY HERE  
WITH  
ME!







MEANWHILE ON THE SURFACE OF "X", MAC  
BLASTS THE QUICKSAND AWAY.



THROUGH THE TUNNEL INTO THE PALACE, MAC  
LEADS HIS RESCUE PARTY.



SHOOT HIM DOWN,  
MEN!



WAIT! ONLY HE CAN FREE CYCLONE!

OK. SET CYCLONE  
FREE AND  
YOU SHALL  
LIVE...  
QUICK  
NOW!



AMNOZO GESTURES AND CYCLONE'S  
CELL BURSTS OPEN.

BUT AMNOZO HAS ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE.



I'LL GIVE  
THEM A  
TASTE OF  
BLUE  
FLAME!



GET  
AWAY  
FROM  
THAT  
LEVER!

DASHING THROUGH THE BLAZE,  
CYCLONE TURNS OFF THE  
FLAME.



LATER, IN THE  
ANCIENT LIBRARY.

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH  
SCIENTIFIC  
DATA HERE  
TO LEARN  
ALL THEY  
EVER  
KNEW



BROWSE THE NEXT AMAZING  
ADVENTURE OF CYCLONE...  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE. . . .



# PEN MILLER

ALTHOUGH PEN MILLER ENJOYS CONSIDERABLE FAME AS A COMIC BOOK ARTIST, IT IS IN THE RANKS OF THE UNDERWORLD THAT HIS NAME COMMANDS FEAR AND RESPECT... HIS CARTOONS ARE UNCOMFORTABLY WELL INFORMED, SO FAR AS CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES ARE CONCERNED...

By KLAUS



PEN ENTERS HIS STUDIO.



HEY NIKI! WHERE ARE YOU?



SOLLY, SIR, I WAS WOLLYING ABOUT YOUR DEADLINE!



NUCKLE'S CASE COMES UP TOMORROW. HE IS IN JAIL, YET ALL THE STATE'S WITNESSES ARE DISAPPEARING! THIS HAS THE MAKINGS OF A LIVELY STORY. LET'S GET GOING!

I'M GOING INSIDE TO GET SOME DOPE ON THIS. WATCH EVERYBODY WHO COMES IN AND GOES OUT, NIKI.



WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S NUCKLE'S MOUTHPIECE, PEN!



I THOUGHT SO! SEE YOU LATER!



HM. NOW WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO?

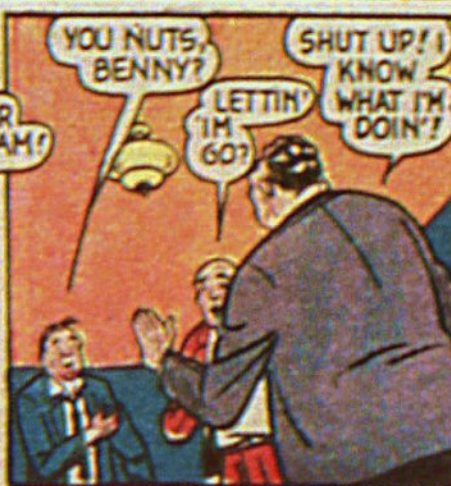


























PAUL GOES DOWN TO THE SWAMPS  
AND HELPS TO PULL THE OX TEAM OUT.



LOOPING THE ROPE ABOUT THEIR HORNS, HE PROCEEDS TO PULL THEM OUT.



THEN, HANGING BY HIS FEET, SWINGS THEM IN A LONG ARC ONTO SOLID GROUND.



PAUL THEN TROTS BACK TO CAMP TO VISIT THE OLD MAN.



GEE, MISTER, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SEEN A GHOST!



IT MUST BE OLSEN, THAT NEW GUY I HIRED LAST WEEK. I GOTTA HAVE WORDS WITH HIM!



HEY, OLSEN! C'MERE. I WANNA TALK TO YOU!







RETURNING TO THE CAMP THAT EVENING, PAUL HEARS A LOUD RUMPU.



PAUL CRASHES IN THE DOOR AND SEES OLSEN BEATING THE OLD MAN







NEXT DAY, PAUL IS BUSY UPROOTING TREES.



THEY HURRY BACK TO THE SPOT WHERE THE MEN WERE BEING SHOT AT



THE PLANE DIVES, SPRAYING THE FOREST WITH BULLETS.



THE PLANE SWINGS INTO POSITION FOR ANOTHER ATTACK. PAUL SETS HIMSELF AND HURLS THE TREE HIGH INTO THE AIR.



A LOUD CRASH FILLS THE AIR AS THE TREE SMASHES INTO THE PLANE.





GEE...IT'S COMIN' DOWN!



UPON HITTING THE GROUND, THE PLANE EXPLODES AND BURSTS INTO A MASS OF FLAMES.



GEE, IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T DO NOTHIN' FER THE POOR FELLERS!



BY GOSH, IT'S OLSEN, THE FELLER I FIRED YESTERDAY. I'M AWFUL SORRY!



THAT EVENING, PAUL HEADS A LONG PROCESSION OF LOGGERS BACK HOME



PAUL, THE OLD MAN DIED ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. HE LEFT A SMALL BAG OF GOLD FER YOU, AN' HE TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU THIS MAP.

O-O-OH GEE-E



C'MERE, JOE, RIDE DOWN TO THE POORMASTER AND GIVE 'IM THIS GOLD. I HOPE IT'LL HELP THE POOR TOWN FOLK.



SAY, PETE, I WANT ALL THE FELLERS TO RISE AFORE SUN UP TO-MORROW 'CAUSE WE'RE GOIN' A HUNTIN'!

HUNTIN' WHAT FER?



FER GOLD, AN' ALL THE GOLD WE FIND WE'LL DIVIDE AMONGST THE POOR PEOPLE.



#### LUMBER-JACK TERMS

FALLER...ONE WHO CHOPS THE TREES DOWN.  
SCALIN' LOGS...MEASURING TIMBER.  
SAWYER...LOGGER WHO SAWS TREES.

MORE NEXT MONTH



# WINDY BREEZE

by BILL NEWCOMBE

THIS'S YER FIRST BEAR HUNT IN ALASKA, McDUFF, SO JUST FOLLOW ME. I KNOW THIS COUNTRY LIKE MY OWN BACKYARD!





AND SO THEY  
HIKE FOR THREE HOURS.





THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER HAPPEN IN REAL LIFE SPUNKY CHANGES PLACES WITH A BORED LITTLE MILLIONAIRE. HOW ARE THEY TO KNOW THAT KIDNAPPING WOULD RESULT FROM THEIR PLAY?













SUNSHINE RELATES HIS STORY.  
WHEN PAT ISSUES ORDERS.

TEDDY, I WANT YOU TO RUN TO  
THE POLICE STATION AND  
BRING THE POLICE TO  
THIS HIDEOUT!

OKAY, PAT!



THE POLICE MAY ARRIVE TOO  
LATE, SO WE'RE GOING THERE  
RIGHT NOW! I'LL TAKE  
YOU ALL IN MY  
CAR!

WE'RE ALL  
WITH YOU,  
PAT!



THE LITTLE BAND FINDS  
SUNSHINE'S VICTIM.

SAY, HIS  
CLOTHES  
GIVE ME  
AN IDEA!



I CAN'T FIND...  
HEY, THERE  
HE IS NOW!

WHAT'S  
HE DOIN',  
PLAYIN' 'N'  
HIDE 'N'  
SEEK?



WHERE'VE YOU BEEN  
ALL THIS TIME, BRUDD??



SORRY, BUT THE  
NAME IS PAT, AND  
YOU'RE ALL  
UNDER  
ARREST !!



PAT! LOOK  
BEHIND  
YOU!!



OKAY, COPPER,  
DROP THE ROD!  
I GOT YOU  
COVERED !!!

OH, THE  
LONE RANGER,  
EH!



YOU MUSTN'T  
MISS, SUNSHINE!

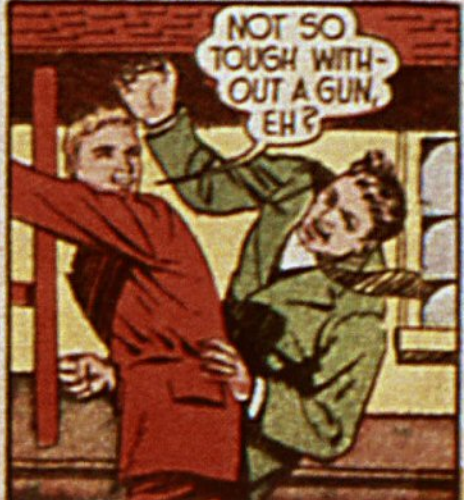
DON'T WORRY  
SUZY, I GIT DAT  
SNEAKIN' SKUNK!



SUNSHINE'S AIM IS TRUE.



NOT SO  
TOUGH WITH-  
OUT A GUN,  
EH?



THE OTHER KIDNADDERS DRAW  
THEIR GUNS.

LET HIM HAVE  
IT, DUKE!







THEN TEDDY ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE WHO TAKE OVER THE SITUATION...



NEXT DAY, IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...



MAKE YOU A MEMBER OF THE KID PATROL! HERE IS YOUR BADGE, PERCY.



PAT TAKES THE WHOLE GANG TO THE SODA FOUNTAIN... AND HOW THEY EAT, AND HOW !!!



BOYS AND GIRLS, WE'VE JUST GOT A MESSAGE THAT PERCY'S GOIN' TO HOLLYWOOD AND WON'T BE WITH US NEXT ISSUE! WE WISH HIM PLENTY OF LUCK AND I'VE KNOW YO' ALL DO TOO!





# THE RAY



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